

THE ANOKA STAR
Published every Saturday, at the Randolph
Building, Anoka, Minnesota.

CHAS. W. & E. H. POLSON,
Editors and Proprietors.
Two Dollars per annum, strictly in advance.

The Press is the great lever of civilization;
the agency of development, enlightenment, pro-
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Each additional week, .50
Local advertisements at St. Paul rates.

James McGinnis
Painter and Glazier, Shop west end of Anoka
Anoka, Minn.

MEAT MARKET
East of Anoka, Minn.
C. S. SARGENT, PROPRIETOR.

E. A. KING
Highest Anoka, Minn.
East end of the bridge, Anoka, Minn.

J. F. BLODGETT
Anoka, Minn. Office over Dr. Giddings' room.

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL
TRACED KIRKALL, PROPRIETOR.
West end of the bridge, Anoka, Minn.

LIVERY STABLE
PORTER & HENDERSON, PROPRIETORS.
On the premises recently occupied by Job East-
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Office at his residence near the old steam saw
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SAMUEL CRIGGS
COUNTY TREASURER.
Office in P. O. Building.

CHARLES GALPIN,
DENTIST.
EXCHANGING DENTISTS, MINNESOTA.
He expects to visit Anoka again on the 20th day
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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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VOLUME II. ANOKA, MINN., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1895. NUMBER 263.

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POETRY.
Peace.
Oh, that the bells in all these silent spires
Would clash their clangor on the sleeping air,
Ring clear with music out with throbbing choir,
Ring peace in everywhere!

Oh, that the red of sorrow surging o'er
The red, red land would wash away its stain—
Brown out the angry fire, from shore to shore,
And given peace again!

Oh, that year's blossoming graves, with summer
Laid in his happy tangle hands the tree
Nature brings her hurt, and finds her balance—
Alas! and why not we?

Spirit of God! that moved upon the face
Of the waters and bade them be calm,
Shine, shine again over this tumultuous space,
That in Prince of Peace!

MISCELLANY.
WINE'S WORK.
"Promise me, Charlie,"
She was leaning playfully over the
back of his chair, looking down into
his face. "My dear! I mean Mrs. Gale;
and 'Charlie' was her husband. He
had just settled himself for an after-
noon cigar. But Mrs. Gale had mis-
chievously snatched it from his hand,
threatening to withhold it until he
gave her the desired promise. And
now she laid one hand, caressingly, on
his forehead, and looking the other
under his chin, she looked at him yet
half earnestly down into the dark
depth of his eyes, with her tender blue
ones as she repeated,
"Promise me, Charlie, now do;
that's a dear."

"Nonsense, Virginia!"
And he tried to put away her hand.
"Oh, Charlie," reproachfully,
"I shall do it for you. You'll
forget it," he said, half impatiently.
"And so I will," she cried merrily.
"If you don't promise me, this very
minute, not to drink anything stronger
than pure cold water, at Uncle Logan's
to-night!"

And forthwith she made a small but
shrewd attack upon him, pulling his
head as far as she could get it, and
making believe to clutch him by the
throat with intense mock fury.

"Stop, Virginia, stop! Why, what are
you doing? Only let me clear, and I'll
pay you for this little mischief! There,
now, you'll put out my eyes with that
pin in your sleeves. Oh! murder!
my face! I'll promise, Oh yes any-
thing!"

And she still persevered in this
spirited mode of enforcing an argu-
ment. He shouted out, "What do you
want?" "Yes, yes, yes, I hope I
have promised often enough to satisfy
you."

"On your honor?"
"Certainly. Yes, of course."
"Oh, I thought I could bring you
to terms. Recollect you have said 'on
your honor. I shall hold you to your
promise!'"

And she came up and seated
herself on his knee, very demurely in-
deed, after the manner of petted young
wives when they have just gained a point.

"You saucy little puss, how dare
you? And just see how you have
scratched my face!"

"Shall I kiss it and make it well?"
she asked playfully. "And then while
her face grew rosy in its pleading
expression, she added,
"Oh, Charlie, you do not know how
anxious I have felt about this party
ever since we decided to go. They
have such a gay time at Uncle Logan's
every now and then, though you would
not do a wrong thing yourself, how
easy it is for your companions to make
you go too far, because you are such a
dear good natured case. But now that
you have promised me, I feel quite
easy. And don't forget when the boys
begin to get too gay, to come up
stairs, come and baby!"

And he promised, though he
was going out to an evening party at
Uncle Logan's was no small affair, con-
sidering it was good five miles ride
from Glendale, out into the country,
over rough roads with Maple Creek;
swollen by recent rains, and howling
wild and hard within its banks, to be
crossed. Still, she was still really of a
cheer, for she even when Virginia came
equipped for the ride.

"Here, Hester, hold the baby. Now
Charlie!"
And giving him her hand she placed
her foot in his other, and sprang light
into the saddle.

"Now give him to me!"
The idea of such a mother bird, as
Virginia going away five miles to spend
the evening and leaving her baby,
would have been pronounced an insen-
sibility, if any one had been absurd
enough to propose it to her.

"Dear little fellow, how bright he
looks!" she said, fondly, pulling down
one corner of the shawl. "Look, Char-
lie!"

And the little one gave a soft coo, in
answer to papa's merry chirrup, as he
looked into the huge bundle of shawls,
and patted the tiny rosy face, just
peeping out of its snug enclosure.

Then, after mama had given her part-
ing directions to Hester, he mounted
housekeeper in places absence, he
started off the light crisp snow crack-
ling under the feet of their horses.

"Give Charlie to me, Virginia," her
husband said when they reached the
creek and reigned in their horses up
on its bank.

"Keep close to me," he added, and
not another word was spoken until
they had reached the opposite bank;
for the fording of the creek, in its pre-
sent condition, was a difficult, almost
dangerous undertaking.

"I hope the moon will be up when
we come," Virginia said. "Then added,
anxiously, as she again deposited the
child in her arms."

"The creek is deeper than I thought,
and really it would be dangerous to
cross in the dark."

Lights were glimmering from the
windows as they rode up to Uncle Lo-
gan's gate, and the number of horses
and vehicles already congregated
around showed that the invited guests
of the Christmas Eve party were al-
ready beginning to drop in. Aunt
Lizzie came out to the door to meet
them, and took the babe from Virginia's
poor tired arms.

"Remember, Charlie," she said im-
promptly, laying her hand upon his
shoulder, as they were on the point of
separating—she for Aunt Lizzie's com-
fortable home above stairs, he for the
society of his bon companions.

"Never fear for me," and he went
gayly away.

Alas! for the promise made, to the
good creaturely wife, sitting up stairs,
in the quiet, matronly circle, with her
babe on her knee, so proud and happy
for it was her first child. And what
young mother failed to appreciate the
dignity of her position at such a time.

In less than half an hour, Charlie
Gale had forgotten his promise, and
his glass filled, and his voice raised in
vicious clorus with the loudest.

The night wound, and the guests be-
gan to depart. Virginia sat in the dress-
ing room all ready for the ride, hold-
ing in her lap what seemed to be a
huge bundle of blankets and shawls,
but it was in reality little Charlie, who
curled up in his warm nest fast asleep,
with one little fat thumb in his mouth.

"I wonder what makes Charlie so
late?" she said, at last impatiently.
"Aunt Lizzie, will you please send for
him, and say, 'I'm waiting.'"

He came at length. But the first
words he spoke told her all. She knew
at once that he was intoxicated,
thought to others only a very slight ex-
citement was all that appeared un-
usual about him.

"Oh! the shame!" she hardly dare
to speak to him, all her thoughts
were given him away before he betray-
ed his condition to other eyes.

"Give me the child," he said,
and as she did so, she felt his arm
was unsteady.

Oh! I dare not trust the babe with
him," was her thought, but she remain-
ed silent.

She could not bear that those around
should know the mortifying truth.
"I do wish you would stay all night,
Virginia," spoke Aunt Lizzie, renewing
her entreaties.

"It's so late and its growing colder,"
Virginia thought of the dreary five
miles ride with a drunken husband,
and then the creek! She had before
refused to stay, but now she thought
better of it.

"What do you think of it, Charlie?"
"Aunt Lizzie, will you please send for
him, and say, 'I'm waiting.'"

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At length he sought the advice of an
eminent physician, who gave him a pre-
scription which he followed faithfully
for seven months, and at the end of
that time had lost all desire for liquor,
although he had been for many years
a captive by a most debasing appe-
tite.

The receipt, which he afterwards
published, and by which so many oth-
er drunkards have been assisted to re-
form, is as follows: Sulfate of iron,
five grains, magnesia ten grains, pep-
permint water eleven drachms, spirits
nutmeg one drachm, twice a day.

This preparation acts as a tonic and
stimulant, and so partially supplies the
place of the accustomed liquor, and
prevents that absolute physical and
moral prostration that follows a sud-
den breaking off from the use of stimu-
lating drinks.

The Book What a Woman Writes.
Mrs. Hester:—I spoke you are a
rational creature, and her a wife and
mother and sisters, and inabbeles female
cousins, and how to treat womankind
kindly, as all good editors get to.

Well, I'm a woman, and I'm neither
sorry for nor ashamed of. Sum
wimmen's sorry they ain't men, and in
your country those there gal lasses
into their river, and folks calls 'em
monsters and crevel. But it becos
the men is sich monsters, and treats
the wimmen crevelly, so they dopt
want their darters to grow up and suffer
what they suffers. I hate my pinjon.

Sum wimmen's ashamed they be with
men, and korn fiskep their husbands'
name. I never dun it, and would feel
turnsly indignant if anybody called
me Miss Jadedish, after my husband's
name.

But this 'aint to the point I want to
say a few words about a peace that was
printed in the Pioneer the other day.
Tas venerable editors of that paper
seems to feel bad, not becos Linkum's
got into the white house agin and Lit-
tle Mac is left outside in the cold, but
becos a woman hit a book about up-
gashum. Now I want to ask, hadn't
she a right to make the book? And of
the kommittee men that her book the
best one, and good enuf to print, didn't
thade rite to say so? And didn't the
govenor do rite to get it printed, and
put her name in it? Twas all fare
play. Why didn't the venerable editor
almsend rite the book? It seems to
think it a turrible pity, in a big state
like ours, full of big things, that a man
didn't rite about sich matters. I think
jes so. But if the men wont do it
aint it better a woman shude do it than
the praecs of sich a state shude go on
erring, as the poet says? But didn't eight
or ten men rite books about the same
thing, and if the govenor was peke like
us about a mans book, why didn't he
take one of theirs? But the Pioneer
is afraid the usefulness of the
book is repared cos its 'know a we-
man rite it. Do you spose the furthers
will be scared away from Minnesota,
as a woman was a rattlesnake, or
keppered, or injun? But taint all rite
by a woman. Wen part 'perports to
be rite by a man. So them folks that
dunt want to read the wimmen, part
can read the mens; part, jest as sum
folks reads the Nu Testament and
wont their nothin' to do with the apok-
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CHARLES GALPIN,
DENTIST.
EXHIBITOR, MINNESOTA.
He expects to visit Anoka again on the 20th day
of May, 1865.

HOWARD M. ATKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Anoka, Minn.
Particular attention given to Collections and
the paying of taxes, and the settling of all
kinds of claims of lands and other property in
Anoka County.

COLEMAN & MCGLAULIN
Having entered into partnership to carry
on the business of Blacksmithing, would
inform the public that they are prepared to do
all kinds of work in their line. Particular at-
tention will be paid to horse and ox shoeing.
All work warranted. They hope to receive the
patronage of old friends and customers. Their
shop is on the street below Harris' Store.
1865

THOMAS PRATT,
LAND SURVEYOR & REAL ESTATE AGENT.
Anoka, Minn.

R. C. MITCHELL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, County Attorney
for Anoka County.
Having removed to the Anoka, I hope
by promptness and industry to secure the
confidence of all who may have business to my
office.
Special attention given to the collection of
debts. A full supply of blank deeds, mortgages
and every legal paper kept constantly on hand
and no charge made for the same, when filed
and acknowledged by me.
Office in the old A. O. Building, Hardware
Store east door at left hand, up stairs.
Anoka, Minn., May 1st 1865.

BLACKSMITHING
JAMES M. MCGLAULIN,
ANOKA, MINN.

World famous the Anoka and vicinity
that he can be found at all times at Paul's
old shop on the east side of Anoka, where he
is prepared to do all kinds of work, cheap for
cash or on credit. Particular attention paid to
shoeing oxen and cattle satisfaction guaranteed.
Old axes newly fitted and new ones made to
order. A continuance of patronage is respectfully
solicited.
Anoka, Oct. 5th, 1864.

POETRY.

Peace.
Oh, that the bells in all these silent spires
Would clash their clangor on the sleeping air,
Ring clear wild music out with throbbing choir,
Ring peace in everywhere!

Oh, that this wave of sorrow surging o'er
The red, red land would wash away its stain—
Drown out the angry fire from shore to shore,
And give it peace again!

Oh, that your blossoming graves, with summer
Calm!
Told in his happy hush the heart,
Nature forgot her hurt, and find her balm—
Alas! and why not we?

Spirit of God! that moved upon the face
Of the waters and had ancient chaos cease,
Shine, shine again o'er this tumultuous space,
Thou that art Prince of Peace!

MISCELLANY.

WINE'S WORK.
"Promise me, Charlie,"
She was leaning playfully over the
back of his chair, looking down into
his face. "By what I mean Mrs. Gale,
and 'Charlie' was her husband. He
had just settled himself for an after-
noon cigar. But Mrs. Gale had mis-
chievously snatched it from his hand,
threatening to withhold it until he
gave her the desired promise. And
now she laid one hand caressingly on
his forehead, and stealing the other
under his chin, she looked archly yet
half earnestly down into the dark
depth of his eyes, with her tender blue
ones as she repeated:
"Promise me, Charlie, now do;
that's a dear."
And he tried to put away her hand.
"Oh, Charlie," reproachfully.
"I show! do let me go! You'll
choke me," he said, half impatiently.
And so it went, this very
thing, not to drink anything stronger
than pure cold water, at Uncle Logan's
table.
And forthwith she made a small but
savagely attack upon him, pulling his
head as far as she could get it, and
making believe to clutch him by the
throat with intense mock fury.
"Stop, Virgie, stop! Why, what are
you taking? Only let me clear, and I'll
pay you for this little mischief! There,
now, you'll put out my eyes with that
pin in your sleeves. Oh! murder!
my face! I'll promise. Oh, yes any-
thing!"
And she still persevered in this
spirited mode of enforcing an argu-
ment. He shouted out.
"Yes, yes, yes! There now, I hope I
have promised often enough to satisfy
you."
"On your honor."
"Certainly. Yes, of course."
"Oh, sir! I thought I could bring you
to terms. Recollect you have said on
your honor. I shall hold you to your
promise."
And she came around and seated
herself on his knee, very demurely in-
deed, after the manner of pouting young
wives when they have just gained a point.
"You sassy little puss, how dare
you? And just see how you have
scratched my face!"
"Shall I kiss it and make it well?"
she asked playfully. And then while
her face was gay in its pleading
expression, she added:
"Oh, Charlie, you do not know how
anxious I have felt about this party
ever since we decided to go. They
have such a gay time at Uncle Logan's
and you know, dear, though you would
not do a wrong thing yourself, how
easy it is for your companions to make
you go too far, because you are such a
dear good natured case. But now that
you have promised me, I feel quite
easy. And, dear, don't forget when the
boys begin to get too gay, to come up
stairs to me and baby!"
And he promised.
So going out to an evening party at
Uncle Logan's was no small affair, con-
sidering it was good five miles ride
from Glendale, out into the country,
over rough roads with Maple Creek
swollen by recent rains, and flowing
wild and hard within its banks; to be
crossed. So it was still early of a
clear, frosty evening when Virgie came
equipped for the ride.
"Here, Hester, hold the baby. Now
Charlie."
And giving him her hand she placed
her foot in his other, and sprang light
into the saddle.
"Now give him to me."
The idea of such a mother bird, as
Virgie going away five miles to spend
the evening and leaving her baby,
would have been pronounced an im-
possibility, if any one had been absurd
enough to propose it to her.

"Dear little fellow, how bright he
looks!" she said, fondly, pulling down
one corner of the shawl. "Look, Char-
lie!"
And the little one gave a soft coo, in
answer to papa's merry chirrup, as he
looked into the high bundle of shawls,
and patted the tiny rosy face, just
peeping out of its snug enclosure.
Then, after mamma had given her part-
ing directions to Hester—promoted
housekeeper in mistress' absence; they
started off, the light crisp snow crack-
ling under the feet of their horses.
"Give Charlie to me, Virgie," her
husband said when they reached the
creek and reigned in their horses up
on its bank.
"Keep close to me," he added, and
not another word was spoken until
they had reached the opposite bank;
for the fording of the creek, in its pre-
sented condition was a difficult, almost
dangerous undertaking.
"I hope the moon will be up, when
we come," Virgie said. Then added,
anxiously, as she again deposited the
child in her arms.
"The creek is deeper than I thought
and really it would be dangerous to
cross in the dark."
Lights were glimmering from the
windows as they rode up to Uncle Lo-
gan's gate; and the number of horses
and vehicles already congregated
around showed that the invited guests
of the Christmas Eve party were al-
ready beginning to drop in. Aunt
Lizzie came out to the door to meet
them, and took the babe from Virgie's
pale, tired arms.
"Remember, Charlie," she said, im-
promptly, laying her hand upon his
shoulder, as they were on the point of
separating—she for Aunt Lizzie's com-
fortable rooms above stairs, he for the
society of his boon companions.
"Never fear for me," and he went
gayly away.
As for the promise made to the
fledgeling wife, sitting up stairs,
in the quiet, matronly circle, with her
babe on her knee, so proud and happy
—for it was her first child. And what
young mother failed to appreciate the
dignity of her position at such a time.
In less than half an hour, Charlie
Gale had forgotten his promise, wife,
child, everything, and again and again
his glass filled, and his voice raised in
rapturous chorus with the loudest.
The night waned, and the guests be-
gan to disperse. Virgie sat in the dress-
ing room all ready for the ride, "hold-
ing in her lap what seemed to be a
huge bundle of blankets and shawls,
but it was in reality little Charlie, who
curled up in his warm nest fast asleep,
with one little fat thumb in his mouth."
"I wonder what makes Charlie so
late?" she said, at last impatiently.
"Aunt Lizzie, will you please send for
him, and say, I beg him."
He came at length. But the first
words he spoke told her all. She knew
at once that he was intoxicated,
thoughtless others only a very slight ex-
citement was all that appeared, un-
usually about him.
"Oh, the shame! She hardly dare
to speak to him. All her thoughts
were to get him away before he betray-
ed his condition to other eyes."
"Give me the child," he said.
And as she did so, she felt his arm
was maddening.
"Oh! I dare not trust the babe with
him," was her thought, but she remain-
ed silent.
She could not bear that those around
should know the mortifying truth.
"I do wish you would stay all night,
Virgie," spoke Aunt Lizzie, renewing
her entreaties.
"It's so late and its growing colder."
Virgie thought of the dreary five
miles ride with a drunken husband,
and then the creek! She had, before
refused to stay, but now she thought
better of it.
"What do you think of it, Charlie?"
"Hester! better stay?" she asked
persuasively.
"But I have made him sullen."
"No, we must go home," he said,
sulkily. She knew it would avail noth-
ing to argue the matter with him, but
only lead to a painful exposure; so she
commenced making her adieux.
By dint of gentle coaxing, she in-
duced him to give the babe to her be-
fore they started.
As they rode away Uncle Logan
shouted after them:
"Look out for the creek!"
"Virgie's head was too heavy for a
reply, but Charlie, shouted back with
maudlin cheerfulness.
"All right!"
As they rode on, she saw that he
was sinking into a drunken stupor!
Oh, if they were only safe at home,
how glad she would be! And then she
thought of the wide creek yet to be
forded, and every breath was prayer.
She determined not to let him have

the child when they came to the cross-
ing, but to trust to her own arm and
courage to bring herself and her pre-
cious charge safely through the creek.
She hoped he would not think to ask
her for the child, and was nursing her
self for a refusal, in case he should
when they came in sight of the water.
The moon shone down, making it al-
most as bright as day. Virgie thank-
ed God for that but she shuddered at
the roar of the waters fell on her ear,
and she saw it foaming white in the
morning light as it swept in a strong
current over the rocks.
Charlie roused himself.
"Where's the boy?" he asked.
"Never mind, dear, he's asleep, and
I don't like to disturb him. I can car-
ry him over. I am strong enough for
it."
"What is the woman thinking of?—
You carry him over, indeed! You
give him right straight here to me?"
said he.
"But, Charles, you are not in a con-
dition to hold him. I shall be thankful
if you can guide your horse over safely
as you are."
"I'll take care of him," he said.
"Do you take me for a fool?" he said
roughly and angrily.
"Now, Charles, don't do so? You
know your arm is very unsteady, just
now. It is indeed!"
"Ah, I understand you now."
So Madam, I suppose you think I am
drunk!"
Again she was silent.
"Give me the child," he said fiercely.
"O Charles! For God's sake—"
"Give him to me, I say! Do you
think to brave me so? Give him here
this minute!"
Resistance, she knew was useless—
It would only serve to infuriate him,
and what would not a drunken man do?
"Wait till I fix him," she said but
her voice was unnaturally quiet.
Uncovering the little sleeping face,
she kissed it once—then drawing the
blanket closer over the shawl
which enveloped the little figure, she
covered the face again, and gave into
her husband's arms.
"Charles! For the love of God be
careful!"
"Don't be a fool!"
So they plunged in, and she did not
take her eyes from the other two, until
they had reached the opposite bank.
Then her horse stepped on a stone,
and slipping nearly precipitated her
into the water. When her attention
was free again they had reached the
opposite bank.
"There he is," said Charlie triumph-
antly, as he placed the bundle in her
arms. "What a simpleton you was to
think I couldn't bring him over safely!"
How very light it was! Good God!
She moved it about in her arms—pressed
it closer, and then uttered an awful
shriek.
In his drunken unconsciousness,
Charles had let the sleeping infant
slip out of the blanket, and nothing
could be heard above the deafening
roar of the waters. He did not know
it till the mother screamed.
There was no help! Oh! it was pit-
iful, heart breaking! "My Charlie! O,
my child!"
Both turned simultaneously back to
the water. The quick eye of the moth-
er was just in time to catch one last
brief glimpse of a little rosy, pitiful,
upturned face—and then it disappear-
ed down the current, and the rapid
waters flowed on!

At length she sought the advice of an
eminent physician, who gave him a pre-
scription which he followed faithfully
for seven months, and at the end of
that time had lost all desire for liquor,
although he had been for many years
led captive by a most debasing ap-
petite. The receipt, which he afterwards
published, and by which so many other
drunkards have been assisted, to re-
form, is as follows: Sulphate of iron,
five grains, magnesia ten grains, pep-
per mint water eleven drachms, spirits
nutmeg one drachm, twice a day.
This preparation acts as a tonic and
stimulant, and so partially supplies the
place of the accustomed physical, and
prevents that absolute physical and
moral prostration that follows a sud-
den breaking off from the use of stimu-
lating drinks.

The Book what a Woman Writ.
Mr. Editor:—I suppose you are a
rational creature, and love a wife and
mother and sisters, and matinee female
cousins, and know how to treat woman,
kindly, as all good editors do to, Well, I'm a woman, and I'm not
sorry for it, nor ashamed of it. Sam
wimmen's sorry they ain't men, and in
some countries those there gal blays
into the river, and folks calls em
monsters and crewel. But its becos
the men is sich monsters, and treats
the wimmen crewelly, so they don't
want their darters to gro up and suffer
what they suffers. Thats my pinjon.
Sam wimmen's ashamed they be wim-
men, and korn fiskey their husbands
name. I never den it, and would feel
turbly indignant if anybody called
me Miss Jedediah, after my husband's
name.
But this aint to the point. I want to
say a few words about a peace that was
printed in the Pioneer the other day.
Tas' honorable editor of that paper
seems to feel bad, not becos Linkin's
got into the white house again and Lit-
tlemak is left outside in the cold, but
becos a woman rit a book about my
gashcar. Now I want to ask, hadn't
she a rite to make the book? And ef
the kommittee men that her book the
best one, and good enuf to print, didn't
do rite to say so? And didn't the
govenor do rite to get it printed, and
put her name in it? Twas all fare
play. Why didn't the honorable editor
advised rite the book? He seems to
think it a turrible pity, in a big state
like ours, full of big things, that a man
didn't rise about sich matters. I think
jes so. But if the men wont do it,
aint it better a woman shuld do it than
the praser of sich a state shuld go
tramping as the poet says? But didn't
he or ten men rit books about the same
day, and if the govenor was petifole
under his tongue, half a hun of the
haterl weed, which will sicken a dog
or kill a horse, forming a heap, the
size of a hay-stack. Then his reject-
ed guide would form a pile still larger.
Now, if such a young man
could see eight hogheads, full of
abominable filth, destined to pass
through his mouth, a wagon load of
tobacco, and ten wheel-barrows heaped
up with guide, designed for an
equally intimate association with his
lips, how would the prospect affect
him?

And if a woman rit a book about
my gashcar, and the honorable editor
advised rite the book, and the govenor
put her name in it, and the kommittee
men that her book the best one, and
good enuf to print, didn't do rite to
say so? And didn't the govenor do
rite to get it printed, and put her name
in it? Twas all fare play. Why didn't
the honorable editor advised rite the
book? He seems to think it a turrible
pity, in a big state like ours, full of
big things, that a man didn't rise about
sich matters. I think jes so. But if
the men wont do it, aint it better a
woman shuld do it than the praser of
sich a state shuld go tramping as the
poet says? But didn't he or ten men
rit books about the same day, and if
the govenor was petifole under his
tongue, half a hun of the haterl weed,
which will sicken a dog or kill a horse,
forming a heap, the size of a hay-stack.
Then his reject-ed guide would form
a pile still larger. Now, if such a young
man could see eight hogheads, full of
abominable filth, destined to pass
through his mouth, a wagon load of
tobacco, and ten wheel-barrows heaped
up with guide, designed for an equally
intimate association with his lips, how
would the prospect affect him?

Exchanged his poverty for eternal
riches, and his rags for acorn which
faded not away—at Winchester, Pope,
House, Nov. 6th 1864. James C. Smith,
aged 67. The pall-bearers were few,
on his side—not so many, perhaps as
they shuld be on the shining shore,
and went up with the old man to his
Father's house.

"Do you think I'll get justice done
me?" said a culprit to his counsel.
"I don't think you will," replied the
other, for I see two men on the jury,
who are opposed to hanging you."

A man just executed in Odessa
had committed twenty-two murders.

Advertisements at St. Paul rates.
Bills payable at the end of each quarter.

To be a successful business man, one should
first thoroughly understand his business; 2d, he
should possess proper business habits—activity,
order, promptness and punctuality; 3d, he should
be honest, so-called, agreeable and industrious in
manner; 4th, he needs to become acquainted
with the people and they with him; and to this
end he must ADVERTISE.

gets up "rite shart," I can shold, too
ons and not stop once to "take breath";
so I'll just leave of here. As I said
afore aint ashamed of bein a woman,
but taint jest the thing for a woman
that rites to put her own name to the
artikel, so I'll jest resumé a diskerlike
name and sine myself:—
MAHEMATIKART SANZEL
P. S. The pioneer man thinks its m-
ity strange, eastern papers don't say
sunthin' about Minnesota. I know
why the don't. Them eastern Editors
know that St. Paul is bigger than all
the "State," and has got all the big
things, and big Editors tow, yet them
same big Editors don't rit anythin
which eastern editors thinks that folks
wude read if it was put into their
papers. Now ef these honorable men,
thats got the pen of the raddy, tighter
as the skriptur saith wude jest rite
sunthin' really yuseful, I twouldnt be
new to us tow, but it aint no get into
eastern papers, and be red by folks
that don't know as much as we "Am-
erican" do.

LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.—It
is a great mistake in female education,
to keep lady's time and attention de-
voted to only the fashionable literature
of the day. If you would qualify her
for conversation, you must give her
something to talk about—give her ad-
vantage with this actual world and its
transpiring events. Urge her to read
the newspapers, and become familiar
with the present character and im-
provement of our race. History is of
some importance, but "the past
world is dead, and we have nothing to
do with it. Our thoughts and our con-
cerns should be for the present world;
to know what it is, and improve the
condition of it." Let her have an intel-
ligent opinion, and be able to sustain
an intelligent conversation concerning
the mental, moral, political and reli-
gious improvement of our time. Let
the gifted annals and poems on the
center table be kept part of the time
covered with the weekly and daily
journals. Let the whole family, men,
women and children, read the news-
papers.—(Godfrey.)

Interesting Calculation.
The following comes from the Christian
Observer, is commended to the read-
er, who chews tobacco: Who is a
confirmed tobacco-chewer, live
25 years. In each day, there will
issue from his mouth half a pint of
fluid too nauseatingly disgusting to
describe. In twenty-five years, this
will amount to five hundred and fifty
gallons, or more than eight hogheads
of this detestable mass. In the same
time allowing him only two quinces
a day, he will roll as a sweet morsel
under his tongue half a hun of the
haterl weed, which will sicken a dog
or kill a horse, forming a heap, the
size of a hay-stack. Then his reject-
ed guide would form a pile still larger.
Now, if such a young man
could see eight hogheads, full of
abominable filth, destined to pass
through his mouth, a wagon load of
tobacco, and ten wheel-barrows heaped
up with guide, designed for an
equally intimate association with his
lips, how would the prospect affect
him?

And if a woman rit a book about
my gashcar, and the honorable editor
advised rite the book, and the govenor
put her name in it, and the kommittee
men that her book the best one, and
good enuf to print, didn't do rite to
say so? And didn't the govenor do
rite to get it printed, and put her name
in it? Twas all fare play. Why didn't
the honorable editor advised rite the
book? He seems to think it a turrible
pity, in a big state like ours, full of
big things, that a man didn't rise about
sich matters. I think jes so. But if
the men wont do it, aint it better a
woman shuld do it than the praser of
sich a state shuld go tramping as the
poet says? But didn't he or ten men
rit books about the same day, and if
the govenor was petifole under his
tongue, half a hun of the haterl weed,
which will sicken a dog or kill a horse,
forming a heap, the size of a hay-stack.
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man could see eight hogheads, full of
abominable filth, destined to pass
through his mouth, a wagon load of
tobacco, and ten wheel-barrows heaped
up with guide, designed for an equally
intimate association with his lips, how
would the prospect affect him?

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.
In the matter of the estate of Philip W. Nichols, deceased, I do hereby give notice that under and pursuant to an order and decree heretofore made by the Probate Court in and for the County of Ramsey in the State of Minnesota, for the sale of real estate belonging to said estate, to pay debts...

MORTGAGE SALE.
Default having been made in the conditions of certain mortgage made and delivered on the 23rd day of October, A.D. 1897, by Joseph Ackerman to Job Eastman, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Anoka County and State of Minnesota, on the said 23rd day of October, A.D. 1897, upon pages 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

First Minnesota Regiment OF HEAVY ARTILLERY
TERM OF SERVICE, ONE YEAR.
I am authorized by the Governor to recruit Volunteers for Company K, 1st Regiment Heavy Artillery. To those enlisting early the largest Town Bounty will be paid in addition to the Government Bounty of \$100. Recruiting office in Davis Hardware Store, Anoka, Minn.

TAKEN UP.—Came to the enclosure of the subscriber, living at Anoka about the middle of January, one year ago. Heifer, red and white, with star in forehead. The owner is requested to pay charges and take her away or she will be dealt with according to law.
Anoka, January 26th, 1895.
P. E. RUSSELL.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED FOR THE FIRST MINNESOTA REGIMENT OF HEAVY ARTILLERY
TERM OF SERVICE, ONE YEAR.
I am authorized by the Governor to recruit Volunteers for Company K, 1st Regiment Heavy Artillery. To those enlisting early the largest Town Bounty will be paid in addition to the Government Bounty of \$100. Recruiting office in Davis Hardware Store, Anoka, Minn.

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St. Paul, Minn.

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St. Paul, Jan. 1, 1894.
On and after Friday, January 1, and until further notice, the Trains of the St. P. & P. R. R. will run as follows:
MORNING.
Leave St. Paul 8:00 A. M.
" St. Anthony 9:10 "
" Maconin 9:40 "
Arrive at Anoka 9:45 "
Leave Anoka 9:55 "
" Maconin 10:10 "
" St. Anthony 10:20 "
Arrive at St. Paul 10:25 "
EVENING.
Leave St. Paul 3:30 P. M.
" St. Anthony 4:40 "
" Maconin 5:10 "
Arrive at Anoka 5:20 "
Leave Anoka 5:30 "
" Maconin 5:45 "
" St. Anthony 6:15 "
Arrive at St. Paul 6:20 "
F. R. DELANO,
Assistant Superintendent.

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25¢ To any person sending us fifty paying subscribers, we will send immediately a ten and a five dollar gold piece, and an extra copy of the Pacific Monthly for a year free.

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25¢ We are also having made a large quantity of Presents and Keepakes for single subscribers who send direct to the office.

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In Probate Court.
STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF ANOKA.
Special Term March 25, 1895.

In the matter of the estate of Jonathan E. Lum, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Ruth P. Lum praying for reasons therein set forth, that letters of administration on said estate may be granted to the petitioner, the said Ruth P. Lum.

It is ordered that, on Monday, the 27th day of March, A. D. 1895, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Office of the Judge of Probate of said County, the said petition will be heard and considered; and all the heirs at law of the said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are hereby required to appear at a session of the Probate Court, then and there to be held, to show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

By R. C. MITCHELL, Acting Judge of Probate.
223-34

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In the matter of the estate of Chauncey C. Thiers, late of Kane County, Illinois, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Mrs. Ruth Ann Thiers, widow of Chauncey C. Thiers, deceased, and Administratrix of the estate of said deceased, representing that there is property in the County and State aforesaid, which she, the said Administratrix, desires the administration thereof should be given to Charles J. Hawkins.

It is ordered that said petition be heard on the first Monday in October, A. D. 1894, before the Judge of this Court, at the Probate Office in this County, at 10 o'clock A. M., and it is further ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to the said day of hearing, in the Anoka Star, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Anoka, in said county, 19-31

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Missing issues: Oct 17, 1863 Jan 9, 1864 May 14, 1864			
Damaged issue: Nov 14, 1863			
Originals held by: MHS <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Other <input type="checkbox"/>			
Prepared by: Cherri Weber	Date: Dec 15, 1989	Format: 1A <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 2B <input type="checkbox"/>	
Filmed by: J. Kaufmann	Date: Dec 18, 1989	Camera No. 410	
Reduction Ratio: 13 1/2	Voltmeter 15/80	No. Expos. 214	
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